

HIS LOVE STORY

MARIE VAN VORST

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

Le Comte de Sabron, captain of French cavalry, takes to his quarters to raise by hand a motherless Irish terrier pup, and names it Pitchoune. He dines with the Marquise d'Esclignac and meets Miss Julia Redmond, American heiress, who sings for him an English ballad that lingers in his memory. Sabron is ordered to Algiers, but is not allowed to take servants or dogs. Miss Redmond offers to take care of the dog during his master's absence, but Pitchoune, homesick for his master, runs away from her. The Marquise plans to marry Julia to the Duc de Tremont. Unknown to Sabron, Pitchoune follows him to Algiers. Dog and master meet and Sabron gets permission from the war minister to keep his dog with him. Julia writes him that Pitchoune has run away from her. He writes Julia of Pitchoune. The Duc de Tremont finds the American heiress capricious. A newspaper report that Sabron is among the missing after an engagement with the natives causes Julia to confess to her aunt that she loves him. Sabron, wounded in an engagement, falls into the dry bed of a river, and is watched over by Pitchoune. After a horrible night and day Pitchoune leaves him. Julia goes in search of Sabron, reported missing.

CHAPTER XVI.

Julia's Romance.

From her steamer chair the Marquise d'Esclignac asked:

"Are you absorbed in your book, Julia?"

Miss Redmond faintly smiled as she laid it down. She was absorbed in but one thing, morning, noon and night, waking or sleeping: when and where she should find him; how he was being treated. Had he been taken captive? He was not dead, of that she was sure.

"What is the book, Julia?"

"Le Comte d'un Spahi."

"Put it down and let me speak to you of Robert de Tremont."

Miss Redmond, being his guest and indebted to him for her luxurious transportation, could not in decency refuse the request.

"He knows nothing whatever of our errand, Julia."

"Ah, then, what does he think?"

Miss Redmond on the arm of her blue serge coat wore a band of white, in the center of which gleamed the Red Cross. The marquise, wrapped in a sable rug, held a small Pekinese lap-dog cuddled under her arm, and had only the appearance of a lady of leisure bent on a pleasure excursion. She did not suggest a rescue party in the least. Her jaunty hat was enveloped by a delicate veil; her hands were incased in long white gloves. Now that she had encouraged her energetic niece and taken this decisive step, she relaxed and found what pleasure she might in the voyage.

"When we came on board last night, my dear, you remember that I sat with Robert in the salon until . . . well, latish."

"After midnight?"

"Possibly; but I am fifty and he is thirty. Moreover, I am his godmother. He is enchanting, Julia, spiritual and sympathetic. I confess, my dear, that I find myself rather at a loss as to what to tell him."

Miss Redmond listened politely. She was supremely indifferent as to what had been told to her host. This was Tuesday; they should reach Algiers on Saturday at the latest. What news would meet them there? She held in her book the last dispatch from the ministry of war. Supposing the Captain de Sabron had been taken captive by some marauding tribe and was being held for a ransom! This was the Romance of a Spahi, in which she was absorbed. Taken captive! She could not let herself think what that might mean.

"Robert's mother, you know, is my closest friend. His father was one of the witnesses of my marriage. I feel that I have brought up Robert . . . it would have been so perfect." She sighed.

"Ma tante!" warned Miss Redmond, with a note of pain in her voice.

"Yes, yes," accepted the marquise. "I know, my dear, I know. But you cannot escape from the yacht except in a lifeboat, and if you did it would be one of Robert's lifeboats! You must not be too formal with him."

She tapped the nose of her Pekinese dog. "Be still, Mimi, that man is only a sailor! and if he were not here and at his duty you would be drowned, you little goose!"

The Pekinese dog was a new addition. Julia tried not to dislike her; for Julia, only Pitchoune existed. She could not touch Mimi without a sense of disloyalty.

The boat cut the azure water with its delicate white body, the decks glistened like glass. The sailor at whom Mimi had barked passed out of sight, and far up in the bow Tremont, in white flannels, stood smoking.

"—that we are en route to Algiers, is it not?"

The girl extended her hand gratefully.

"And thank you! Tell me, what did you say to him?"

The marquise hummed a little tune, and softly pulled Mimi's ears.

"Remember, my child, that if we find Monsieur de Sabron, the circumspicion will have to be even greater still."

"Leave that to me, ma tante."

"You don't know," said the determined lady quite sweetly, "that he has the slightest desire to marry you, Julia."

Miss Redmond sat up in her chair, and flamed.

"Do you want to make me miserable?"

"I intend to let my worldly wisdom equal this emergency, Julia. I want Robert to have no suspicion of the facts."

"How can we prevent it, ma tante?"

"We can do so if you will obey me."

The girl started, and her aunt, looking up at the Duc de Tremont where he stood in the bow, saw that he showed signs of finishing his smoke and of joining them.

"Ma tante," said the girl quickly, "have you brought me here under false colors? Have you let him think . . ."

"Hush, Julia, you are indebted to him for accomplishing your own desire."

"But I would never, never . . ."

"Petite sottise," cried the marquise, "then you would never have been on this yacht."

Intensely troubled and annoyed, Julia asked in a low tone:

"For heaven's sake, ma tante, tell me what the Duc de Tremont thinks!"

Her aunt laughed softly. "The intrigue and romance of it all entertained her. She had the sense of having made a very pretty concession to her niece, of having accomplished a very agreeable pleasure trip for herself. As for young Sabron, he would be sure to be discovered at the right moment, to be lionized, decorated and advanced. The reason that she had no wrinkles on her handsome cheek was because she went lightly through life."

"He thinks, my dearest girl, that you are like all your countrywomen: a little eccentric and that you have a

strong mind. He thinks you one of the most tender-hearted and benevolent of girls."

"Ma tante, ma tante!"

"He thinks you are making a little mission into Algiers among the sick and the wounded. He thinks you are going to sing in the hospitals."

"But," exclaimed the girl, "he must think me mad."

"Young men don't care how mildly mad a beautiful young woman is, my dear Julia."

"But, he will find out . . . he will know."

"No," said the marquise, "that he will not. I have attended to that. He will not leave his boat during the excursion, Julia. He remains, and we go on shore with our people."

"How splendid!" sighed Julia Redmond, relieved.

"I'm glad you think so," said her aunt rather shortly. "Now I have a favor to ask of you, my child."

Julia trembled.

"While we are on board the yacht you will treat Robert charmingly."

"I am always polite to him, am I not?"

"You are like an irritated sphinx to him, my dear. You must be different."

"I thought," said the girl in a subdued voice, "that it would be like this. Oh, I wish I had sailed on any vessel, even a cargo vessel."

Looking at her gently, her aunt

said: "Don't be ridiculous. I only wish to protect you, my child. I think I have proved my friendship. Remember, before the world you are nothing to Charles de Sabron. A woman's heart, my dear, has delusions as well as passions."

The girl crimsoned and bowed her charming head. "You are not called upon to tell Robert de Tremont that you are in love with a man who has not asked you to marry him, but you are his guest, and all I ask of you is that you make the voyage as agreeable to him as you can, my dear."

Tremont was coming toward them. Julia raised her head and murmured: "I think you for everything. I shall do what I can." And to herself she said: "That is, as far as my honor will let me."

CHAPTER XVII.

The Duke in Doubt.

The short journey to Africa—over a calm and perfect sea, whose waters were voices at her port to solace her, and where the stars alone glowed down like friends upon her and seemed to understand—was a torture to Julia Redmond. To herself she called her aunt cruel, over and over again, and felt a prisoner, a caged creature.

Tremont found her charming, though in this role of Florence Nightingale, she puzzled and perplexed him. She was nevertheless adorable. The young man had the good sense to make a discreet courtship and understood she would not be easily won. Until they reached Algiers, indeed, until the night before they disembarked, he had not said one word to her which might not have been shared by her aunt. In accordance with the French custom, they never were alone. The marquise shut her eyes and napped considerably and gave them every opportunity she could, but she was always present.

The Duc de Tremont had been often in love during his short life. He was a Latin and thought that women are made to be loved. It was part of his education to think this and to tell them this, and he also believed it a proof of his good taste to tell them this as soon as possible.

He was a thoroughly fine fellow. Some of his forefathers had fought and fallen in Agincourt. They had been dukes ever since. There was something distinctly noble in the blond young man, and Julia discovered it. Possibly she had felt it from the first.

From the moment that the old duchess had said to Robert de Tremont:

"Julia Redmond is a great catch, my dear boy. I should like to have you marry her," her son answered:

"Blen, ma mere," with cheerful acquiescence, and immediately considered it and went to Tarascon, to the Chateau d'Esclignac. When his mother had suggested the visit he told her that he intended making up a party for the Mediterranean.

"Why don't you take your godmother and the American girl? Miss Redmond has an income of nearly a million francs and they say she is well-bred."

"Very good, ma mere."

When he saw Miss Redmond he found her lovely; not so lovely as the Comtesse de la Maine, whose invitation to dinner he had refused on the day his mother suggested the Chateau d'Esclignac. The comtesse was a widow. It is not very, very comme il faut to marry a widow, in the Faubourg St. Germain. Miss Redmond's beauty was different. She was self-absorbed and cold. He did not understand her at all, but that was the American of her.

One of his friends had married an American girl and found out afterward that she chewed gum before breakfast. Pauvre Raymond! Miss Redmond did not suggest such possibilities. Still she was very different from a French jeune fille.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Hospital Barges.

Northern France is rich in waterways, and hospital barges are already running between Paris and the battle-front, under the auspices of the Union des Femmes de France. The hold is enameled white and fitted with 40 beds, and at the end is the nurse's retiring-room. The barge-master's cabin is converted into a living-room for two surgeons. There is an operating-room, too, with washing gear, an electric fan, and a perfect system of heating. To convert a Seine barge into a gondola of this kind costs a bare \$500, and the results are beyond praise—especially to fracture cases, to whom the jolting road is agony.

The wounded are hoisted in by means of small cranes, and the barge is then towed by steam or motor yachts lent by wealthy persons, who are more than glad not only to lend their boats free of charge, but to navigate them in person, thus sharing in the work of mercy.

The Old and the New.

Inventions have a remarkable knack of repeating themselves. Among the more interesting patents for 1914 is a specification for a wheelless motor car, propulsion being by means of skids, which are alternately lowered and raised. In the early days of locomotive history many inventors did not believe that sufficient adhesion was to be attained by a smooth wheel operating on a smooth rail, and weird and wonderful were the devices for overcoming this supposed defect. One ingenious engineer went so far as to design a contrivance in which jointed metal bars worked up and down on the rails after the fashion of a horse's legs, and there seems to be a certain affinity between this device and the motor car referred to above.

CLOSE VIEW OF AN AUSTRIAN TRENCH



This is one of the trenches in Galicia where the Austrians so stubbornly fought the invading Russians.

WIRELESS HEROES HONORED



Wireless operators who died while sticking to their posts were signally honored when this beautiful granite cenotaph and fountain were dedicated to their memory recently in front of the barge office at the Battery, New York. The names of eleven heroes are inscribed on the cenotaph, which was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies and speechmaking.

KING ALFONSO AS POLO PLAYER



While so many of his brother monarchs of Europe are at war, King Alfonso of Spain finds time to indulge in his favorite sport of polo. This picture shows him as he took part in the opening game of the Royal Sport club at Madrid.

ITALIAN AMBASSADOR AND FAMILY



Count Macchi di Cellere, Italian ambassador to the United States, here seen with his wife and two children, naturally has been anxiously watching the course of his country in relation to the European war.

FIGHTING TYPHUS IN SERBIA



This group of American physicians and nurses is a part of the unit sent by John W. Frothingham of New York to help fight the typhus epidemic in Serbia. Left to right, they are: Doctor Czaja of Chicago, Frank Klepal of Washington, Miss Stephanie Hampl of Baltimore, Miss Mary Bondal of New York and Fr. Synneck, a veteran of both Balkan wars.

New photograph of the distinguished author, who of late has devoted his pen mainly to the defense of the cause of England in the great war.

Difference in Shooting.

Henry Miller in the following story proves how wit can effectually save a man from humiliation.

"During the Civil war, at a camp in Ohio, a captain fresh from civil life and grand in a brand-new uniform, happened to observe two men shooting at a target."

"Hello, boys," said he. "Let me show you how to shoot."

"Taking a gun in hand, he fired and missed."

"That," said he to one of the soldiers, "is the way you shoot!"

"He fired a second shot and hit the bull's-eye."

"And that," said he, "is the way I shoot."—Youth's Magazine.

Unduly Influenced.

"What are you reading?"

"A bulletin on how to raise fruit," replied Farmer Coratowel.

"Do you understand it?"

"Of course I do. After seeing how many chances you've got to take on insects an' weather an' soil conditions, I'm rein' to quit raisin' fruit."